

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER
1968

10 cents



MERRY

CHRISTMAS...

.....

SUCKER

S A N T A C L A U S -- W H O A R E Y O U ?

lorenzo ticknor

You see that hugh building santa. Well you built it. You put in the elevator. You run the elevator. You keep the furnace and utilities going in this building. You stock the shelves in the street level stores.

Look outside Santa. That sidewalk, that street--You paved them. The cars, trucks and buses that drive on that street--You designed and built them.

Up the street there is a hospital that is the result of your ability. Inside you are taking somenes temperature. In surgery you are performing a delicate operation with the ultimate in scientific equipment.

From the roof of the building Santa , you can see a school that you built. Inside the school you are teaching a class about how to do all these things. You are the student learning how to do these things. You fathered and mothered these students. You will feed and clothe all these students until they can clothe themselves.

You are pilting the plane that flies overhead. You designed and built the plane. You produce and supply its fuel. You maintain its engines.

Santa, you do everything in the world that has to be done. You are ninety percent of the world inhabitants. Santa Claus, you are the working class. You know Santa you are really pretty tremendous. When it comes to doing something for someone else that is. You see Santa you build everything and give it to the capitalist class. And then you run it, paint it, even bomb it sometimes just so the capitalist will give you back just about enough to stay at your own type of North Pole.

You know Santa, while your technical ability is great, when it comes to doing something in your own interest you are really quite a stupid bastard. You even write books and plays and newspapers to brainwash yourself that you are "too lazy", "too greedy", "too selfish", too etc., etc., etc., to ever do anything in your own interest.

YOU REALLY ARE A SUCKER!

Nata Bien, Tommy Douglas

THE SUCCESSFUL POLITICIAN

Jim Milne, Winnipeg

Election time is an interesting time, during which candidates representing the parties compete for the seats in parliament. About three-quarters of the contestants of course fail and have to return to or take up other, perhaps more useful, occupations. From the ranks of the successful ones the government is formed.

To be a politician, even a successful one, a person does not have to be a sociologist, an economist, a historian, or reasonably well informed on any subject. In parliament may be found business men, lawyers, preachers, farmers, professors of various subjects including antiquated ideas, and others whose normal pursuits can be of little assistance in working out the affairs of society.

But usefulness in the things that matter is the thing above all others that doesn't matter in politics. A politician doesn't have to be informed on the affairs of society, or pass tests to qualify as a candidate for office. An interest in the affairs of society could in fact hamper his aspirations. The tinsmith and pipe fitter spend years learning their trade, but a person can take up politics without a

A successful politician must however have some talents. He must first of all be able to talk earnestly and fluently especially in defense of the present form of society. He doesn't have to know what he is talking about, but he has to be able to create the impression that he does, for it must be remembered that those who vote for politicians are not usually better informed. If, for example, you ask the average person what fiscal policy he thinks should have been followed last year he will gape helplessly. But if you tell him in strong confident terms what policy should have been followed and blame this year's evils on last year's policy, you will likely be hitting on all fours, so long as you have by cautious previous questioning determined that he is not at all happy about some of the things happening this year.

That is the proper course for the politician who belongs in the opposition camp. The politician who belongs to the governing side has to follow another course. To attribute the evils of this year to the government's policy last year would be an invitation to vote for the other fellow, which would never do. He has to explain existing evils by talking about the uncertain international situation and the loss of confidence in the business world caused by the obstructionist tactics of the opposition. Stuff like that sounds educated.

Capitalism is a system never without evils, varying in intensity, one or another always coming to the fore and demanding attention. The politician can't cure or control these evils, but he must pretend that he can. When out of office he needs only to get into office. When in office he needs more time. And always there must be activity intended to show that he is right in there pulling his weight and that the other guy is dragging his feet. The effective politician must never be content to simply point with pride to his own virtue, he must at the same time view with alarm the doings of the opposition.

The politician has to be able to work his way out of embarrassing situations. Sometimes, especially when the competition is keen, a politician is forced to become reckless in telling about his intentions. The voters have notoriously poor memories and can be depended upon to forget most of the broken promises littering the political trail. But every so often they demand explanations. The skilled politician then is the one who can think up the most acceptable answers and remain unscathed.

Labor politicians are not good at the explanations. This is probably because they make so many promises at election time that the interval between elections is too brief to permit the mountainous task of preparing satisfactory explanations, which would tax even the skills of the whole Philadelphia legal profession. That most likely explains the disastrous defeats suffered by Labor governments.

This doesn't mean that the successful politician mustn't make promises. Promises are the life blood of a campaign. The politician who did not make promises would be an oddity without a seat in parliament. But promises have to be worked into the campaigning judiciously. They have to be gotten up attractively, properly timed, presented with color and sincerity, and vague enough to permit an honorable retreat if required.

The Labor politician isn't able to do it this way. The Liberal and Conservative enter the contest with bags full of money, partly their own and partly contributed by wealthy well-wishers, and are able to plaster the bill boards, newspaper, TV, etc. with their pictures, promises and vote-for-me appeals. The Laborite, without the same sources of funds is able to do this only in a limited way and is forced to try and offset this disadvantage by making more extravagant promises. This is not a perilous activity for the Laborites so long as their elected representation is small, for they have no need to account for their promises. But when they become hoisted into control of government, the day of reckoning beckons.

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The Misadventures of Perry Nyna -- The Misunderstood Socialist

P E R R Y - I N P R I S O N

This story is true. Only some names have been changed to protect the guilty.

Hard luck just seemed to follow Perry. He'd been unemployed for so long and was so broke that Resurrection City would have looked like a holiday resort. Things were just starting to look better. He was sure of a job at a remote construction project, to which he was travelling in his vintage automobile. As was always the case en route there was a rookie mountie a bit short on his quota and Perry looked just about the right mark. Perry was nailed for changing lanes without making a signal.

The small town magistrate was no fool. He lived off a percentage of his fines and gauged the size of the fine by the fat pay cheques of the newly arrived construction workers and Perry looked the part. "Hunderd dollars or twenty days".

"Well sir, you see," appealed Perry "I'm broke but if you'll wait a couple of weeks---"

"Trying to shirk your debts eh?" the magistrate wasn't to be fooled by any more of these promise and skip fly-by-nites. Besides Perry looked like a bad sort, 'Probably wanted somewhere else', the magistrate mused 'Could get myself promoted if he were a real catch' he thought. "Pay or to prison with you".

It was now Saturday and as prison deliveries were made only through the week Perry's first stop was the local jail.

Unlike most local lock-ups this one was a fairly modern disinfected tiled job. Only faint traces of alcoholic eruptions can be seen stuck to the walls. Perry's only jail-mate had previously cleaned the place and Perry was relieved to have been deprived of the wretched artistry which his new found colleague claimed had decorated the walls. Only on the ceiling are there cigarette burned initials and the odd crucifix. Perry could only guess as to whether these symbolized redemption or persecution. There is a large common area about 9 by 40 feet in front of the cells where the prisoners are locked at night. By counting the glazed blocks on the walls Perry could figure the size of the rooms to be about 6'-2" by 7'-6" by 7'-6" high. 30" steel slatted bunk beds to one side. On the back wall is the ultimate of plumbing economy- a combination water closet, hand basin and drinking fountain. Perry eyed the thing apprehensively. Eventually he had to negotiate the complete creation. The water closet with its trim lines unspilled by a seat represented a unique challenge. The back rest, though no rest could be visualized, rose to an abrupt bump which is the front of the hand basin. The buttons at the back of the hand basin actually serve hot and cold water. Perry discovered that to get a drink he had to put a finger under the spout reversing the flow upward and very gently pressed the cold button. The first time he wasn't very gentle and sprayed the whole cell.

Perry's cellmate is 17 years old but looks older. "I worked my way across the country by busting up pay telephones. I was a real wheeler back east" he exaggerated, "I'm going to find a girl and get married soon. Get a good job. Have a house--car. Ever-'thing be all right then. Oh look, they're bringin' in a drunk. Lots of'em Saturday nite".

The drunk lay shivering on the steel slatted bunk. "Jesus Christ!" Perry could get angry "Why don't they give the poor bastard a blanket".

"They see if he's going to vomit first. They give drunks blankets in three or four hours. 'Cept Indians. Make 'em go the first night on the steel."

At night Perry found it cold enough even with blankets. He often awoke with his back against the cold tiled walls or the cold steel slats of his bunk.

Talking to his fellow prisoners, putting forth his Socialist ideas Perry was astounded at how quickly Monday morning arrived. "You go to the big prison today", Doctors inspection "Hold up your penis so the doctor can see dummy. Don't want no V.D. in our prison. You get handcuffed to his guy". "But I only drove---" "Shut up its the rules. Get in the wagon".

The prison entrance was a tribute of beauty to the grounds keeping prisoners. Inside everything is artless and colorless, a misery of brick and steel drabness. Most of the guards are not unkind. "Take off all your clothes. We put them in this locker. Here are your prison boots, socks, pants, shirt, underwear, tooth brush, cup. Sign here please". One guard even apologizes about the state of things. "It's going to be torn down someday--Build a new one. Like a shower?", "Sure would. Spent three days in the tank, feel pretty clumsy."

"You're in this cell"--Cell 10, third flight, West wing, left. Single cell, mattress on bed-hard, but a mattress, toilet and hand basin, separate. Four flights of cells per wing, twelve cells to a flight rising like a barred aviary over a small games area. Cages open now might as well look around. Bulletin board--"ANYONE FOUND IN ANOTHERS CELL. OWNER OF CELL WILL BE SENT TO SOLITARY CONFINEMENT."

"Don't worry about that buddy that's just for tard tamps."

"INMATES PERMITTED ONE LETTER A WEEK. ONE PAGE WRITTEN ON ONE SIDE. MUST NOT CONTAIN ANY CRITICISM OF THE INSTITUTION. DISCUSSION GROUPS, EVERY TUESDAY, SEE WING OFFICER FOR APPLICATION."

'Discussion groups eh! Well things are brightening up. Wasn't thinking of going anywhere else anyway. Guys playing bridge down below. Might get in.'

"Pretty tough contract." "Yeh! I always open one no trump with thirteen points."

"Discussion groups? Arn't much! The guard runs them. Sees the discussion don't get untracked or on the track."

Eventually the prison mechanism got around to Perry. "What you want to work at?" "I want to work at the job I was headed for at union wages."

"Well you're in here now and you can't get no union wages in here. You'll have to work at something. I'll see you get something easy."

"I don't mind the work and I don't want to cause you any inconvenience. I tell you what. I'll work at anything that doesn't serve the functioning of this institution."

For a brief while it seemed that Perry had everything nicely explained. Then appeared at the door of his cell, a monster of a man. His huge head merged straight into his shoulders. "Wha-at?" he roared, "Won't work. It's a privilege to work around here." Perry soon found that when he surrendered one privilege he got another to take its place.

"Take off your clothes. Give us your boots. Turn your socks inside out. You can keep your socks and these". They handed him a pair of ill-fitting coveralls. They led him to his next privilege, a private room unencumbered by furniture or facilities and no strong light to bather his eyes--solitary confinement. But the torture of this "damper" was not as sophisticated as some. There were six (drums)

in the damper and while the inhabitants couldn't see each other unlike most prisons they could hear one another.

"Whatcha in for?" out of the darkness Perry discovered he had four similarly privileged companions. They had been in the damper for 15 days and the things that solitary do to a man left them something short of amused by the unbelievable story that Perry was there for a minor traffic offense.

Perry could figure what would eventually happen to him in this minute, dark cell and he set about to work against the forces that would work against him. First he stood with his legs slightly apart and gently exercised his arms. Now walk from wall--7 feet forward 7 feet back--take smaller steps--careful not to kick over the can of urine in the corner of the filthy floor.--Legs ache from the short turns--stop--stand--at-ease again--sing (the sound echoes pleasantly off the concrete wall). Ache ache--no, no, not the floor--lean my back on the wall--cold, cold, ache, ache, the door has plywood bolted over the bars, warmer than concrete, now lean arms on plywood--walk again, ache--ache, no, no, not the floor. My muscles ache. Maybe if I chin myself on the door. There's a little slit of light, comes over my cell door from the big door, the one with chain on it. It comes from a window in the dining hall. It's daytime out there. Wonder why they put the damper next to the dining hall and give us bread and water.--Walk--stand--ache--cold--sing. Maybe if I sit on the floor for just a while--back to the wall--cold--Plywood on door--but no it's worse draft comes under the door--cold--stand--walk--bump into black walls--sit--ache, ache. No, No,---yes, there you are now like a dog lying on the filthy floor.

The other four in the damper were pretty hard types. They'd been in most prisons throughout the area. But Perry was glad of their company. They helped pass the time away by playing guessing games. "Guess what I'm thinking of." "Is it a building?" "No" "Can you eat it?" "Well, you could but you wouldn't." Most of the articles were things in this or other prisons or things from a home kitchen. "Mother!" thought Perry.

The formal as well as informal education of the quartet was very limited so consequently Perry guessed most of the subjects. Needless to say this did little to endear Perry to them. Inevitably they refused to let him play at all. But they still were friendly to him until he was imprudent to criticize "the present negative school of criminology."

"Okay, short timer, what would you do about it?"

"Well look, if all the mines, factories, transportation, etc. were owned by everyone and the results freely available to mankind, at least ninety percent of today's crime would be eliminated. It would be impossible to steal what was freely yours. For any that remained the present negative criminology that punishes without a cure would be replaced with a positive criminology that cures but doesn't punish."

"Why you dirty rotten commie! You're trying to take away our freedom. If I had a machine gun here I'd splatter you all over the wall."

"Maybe, but before you can protect your concept of freedom, you have to figure a way to get a machine gun. Then---"

"Yeh! Then what?"

"Then you have to figure a way to get out of your cell."

"Aw shaddup. We don't want no short timer tellin us 'bout jail. Look we stale and we got caught and we're in here. And that's fair."

Perry concluded

7

Getting late now. No sliver of light slips over the door. You get three blankets at eleven o'clock. Two underneath, one on top. Morning 6 A.M. Inspection.

"Give us your blankets. Take off your coveralls. Give em here. Take off your socks, turn em inside out. Okay, put em back on. Smokes? You don't get no smokes in the drum."

Day after day, (What time is it?) Like a dog in the dirt. Three days bread and water. Three days meals--no dessert--no sugar. Harder and harder to chin on the door but it is nice to see the light. Throat infected now. Dirty glass. How long've I been here anyway?

"Okay buddy. Its your birthday. Good meal, shower, shave and out you go."

"Oh! How long you in for?" Perry still had a sense of humor.

"For life." So did the guard.....

TINY TIM--SINGER OR SYMBOL? -by Denise Mattress

On what is Tiny Tim's sudden popularity based? It certainly isn't due to his musical talent or ability. It can't be because of his physical attractiveness, although his appearance may offer a clue.

In order to understand Tiny Tim's popularity, it is necessary to remember some of the social events that preceded it. The hippie movement had been receiving a lot of publicity and was winning some sympathy, especially from younger people! Businessmen mayors, police chiefs and the rest of the "straight" citizenry did not understand the message preached by the hippies. They did recognize that the movement was a threat to their way of life--the hippies profaned against the Almighty Dollar--and were afraid of it. The fear first showed itself in the forms of violence and persecution of the hippies, but these methods excited too much public sympathy. Another way of dealing with the hippie problem had to be found.

If Tiny Tim had not existed in reality before this moment, he would have sprung fully-grown from the collective unconscious of America's "pillars of the community". They needed a sign that the long-haired love children were harmless and--so and behold--Tiny Tim! What a relief! They could relax and have a good laugh at the "queen" with the ukelele. There had never been any problem. How could anything so ridiculous be a danger?

Tiny Tim's appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show is an almost certain indication that he has become the establishment's official version of the hippie--a castrated, lobotomized and house-broken version of the real thing.

The Successful Politician concluded

So the successful politician must be a person of some talent, needed to ensure election, though completely worthless from the standpoint of society's interests. He is much different from the Socialist, who has none of this kind of talent, is content to be without it, concentrates on matters having to do with society's interests, and is not elected.

The Leftover Page

SIGN on Government Ferry:
YOU HAVE JUST HAD A RIDE
ON YOUR FERRY

Same Place only later:
"Better take the sign down.
Some people think they don't
have to pay.

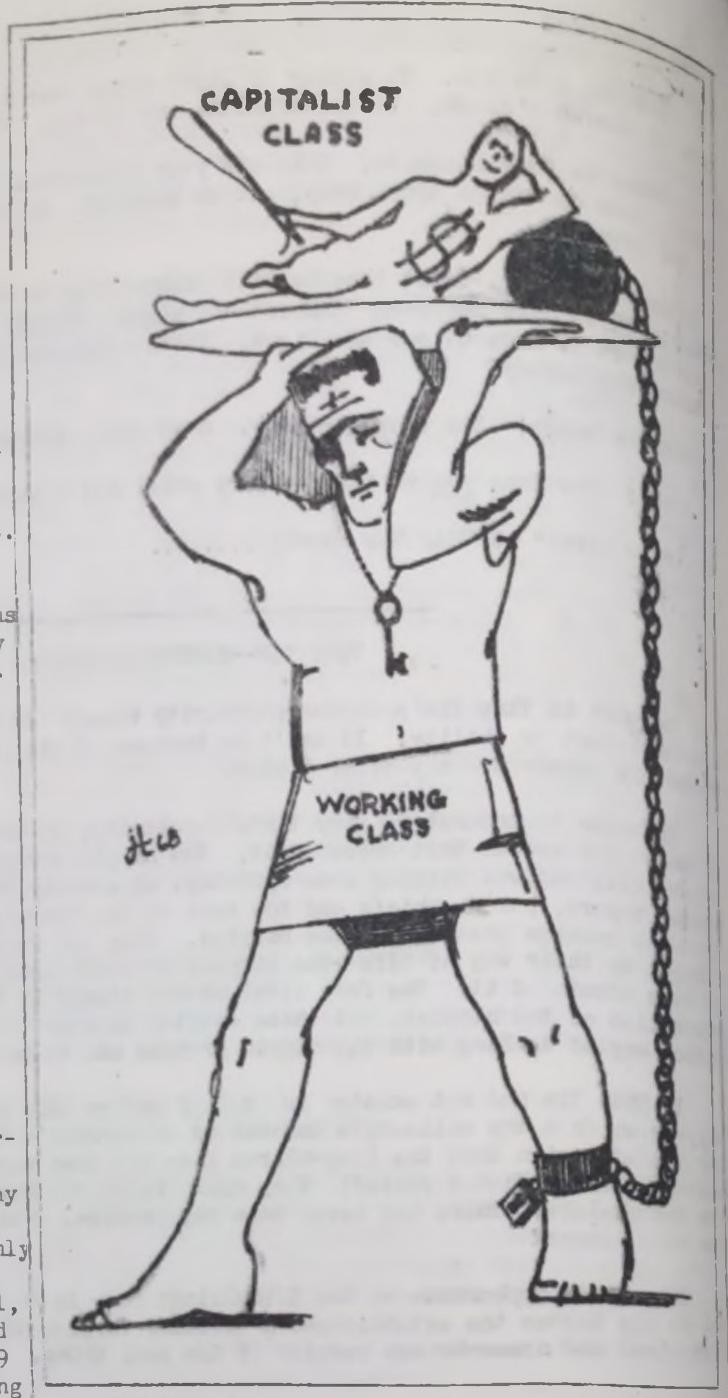
BELIEF: "Today unions
have given the workers such
good conditions, wages and
security that they don't
even know capitalism exists."

FACT: "Lay that man off.
Two years ago he reminded us
that we were not abiding by
our signed union agreement.

BELIEF 1939: "We are
going to war to stop Nazi
dictatorship and anti-
semitism."

FACT 1968: "Work hard und
dunt talk aboud no unions
on dis chab. Iss unions
und chews dat make evry-
thing wrong in du world.

TEENAGERS: You may be surprised at the way you are treated in the Hudson's Bay coffee shop. You know, a stop watch on your cup, only four at a table and being abused in the press. Well, the H.B.C. has been around a long time. 1670 to 1859 they had a complete trading monopoly in Canada. They screwed the Indians by making an extra long barreled rifle and traded it for furs piled its length. Times change but capitalism doesn't and the H.B.C. is no more interested in social needs today than then. If you want a better society you could start now to find out what the underlying source of evil is under world capitalism.



THE REFORMERS EXERCISE IN FUTILITY: THEY FIGHT EVILS BUT
NOT THE CAUSE OF THOSE EVILS

Economics were the key



CZECHOSLOVAKIA



It may seem strange that the freedom that the working people of Czechoslovakia were trying so desperately to get is the same set of social circumstances that leftists, youth and other sections of the working populace in the West regard as the very absence of freedom.

There has never been any real argument against the superiority of wage-labor in an environment of civil rights over the same occupation in a police state. The democratic republic wins hands down. In addition, in a democracy, the benighted knights of labor also possess the electoral devices for complete delivery from all minority domination, when they finally know enough to do so.

However, the goal of a fruitful life wherein the individual may expand to his capacities seems to be basically just as unknown or unattainable in the West as it is in the East. In the liberal democracy as in the rigid dictatorship, "red" or blue.

A thorough perusal of the press reveals that the big fly in the ointment was economics. The Czech productive machine was getting mired in the mud of Russian backwardness. With a relatively advanced plant originally, they needed markets for more sophisticated commodities than were required by the brother to the east. And the big fish which had already swallowed the little fish at the end of World War II could not supply the higher standard capital machinery the Czechs needed to compete in the markets of the West. Czechoslovakia became a huge creditor to the east bloc nations and Moscow. She was loaded down with Eastern currency that apparently was no good for purchasing plant or consumer items in the West. There was no way out of the dilemma, except to seek loans and trade outside the Russian trading area. Western European nations were also suffering a market pinch in some areas and welcomed some traffic with the East.

A note of caution before the crying towels are brought out. Evidence is still conspicuous by its absence, of any sign that the populace of that little country was headed for a class-less democracy. Obviously the hue and cry was basically over the interests of about 10% of the population who own and control the productive means whereby all must try to live. The argument was between they and that other minority who control things through the Kremlin.

Of course the bosses in Czechoslovakia had the support of their own henchmen, but what else? Higher wages and civil rights can look pretty good after years of police state dicta.

Other tales that insistently filter down from the past indicate that generally where workers agitate for civil rights, results are negligible. The agitation succeeds usually when it coincides with the historical period when a profit economy needs them for greater efficiency of production. In the higher evolution of capitalism workers must take a greater part in running their own exploitation and they need some freedom of movement.

However, as many of the possessors of alarm clocks in the West are well aware, servitude with rights is not real freedom any more than was the servitude of the chattel slaves of Rome, who also had rights. As Marx intimated, only slaves need rights. Free men don't need them. They're free.

Just for illustration's sake, let's assume that the bosses of Czechoslovakia had had their way and went ahead with their liberal state capitalism, with an un-government censored press, freedom to criticize Russia and opposition parties, etc.

And let us assume also that there were some real Marxists among the Czech working class who formed a political party of their own dedicated to the establishment of common (not state) ownership of the means of production and its democratic control by the whole community. A money-less, wage-less free society where each individual had freedom to consume according to needs and produced according to ability. Not being phonies, they would soon have proven what they already knew, that aside from a few "letters to the editor" the editors of the new free press were quite willing and capable to function as voluntary censors, taking over where the state left off. Standing on guard for the liberty of those who pay for their commercials. That is, the minority who own and control the productive apparatus. The facilities of the so-called free press would not be available for anyone critical of the very existence of capitalism.

Being knowledgeable about the predatory nature of capital, our Marxists would be aware of one of Marx's comments about freedom - The first freedom of the press consists in its freedom from commerce.

Czechoslovakia would merely advance to the stage of the more advanced countries. Generally the majority of people would still be vegetating within the narrow bounds that are dictated for commodity producers. The better part of their lives would be devoted to alien activities -- the expansion of capital, -- the enriching of the rich.

A news release from St. Johns, Newfoundland reads : "Premier Smallwood unveiled plans for a year-long drive to recruit 10,000 to 15,000 Liberals from whom delegates would be picked for a leadership convention to choose his successor in the fall of 1969." (Daily Colonist, Sept. 25/68)

A rather tortuous way to hand-pick a successor isn't it ? Unless he's trying to make it look democratic.

GIDDY-AP THERE !!

1968 Material Conditions.
1868 Thinking.



"Why won't this dang thing go?"

Who stole the horses?"

SOUTH KOREA

Land of Big Profits

There may be a few hide-bound types moping around who still think that the U.S., Canadian and British patriots who died in the Korean war did so in vain. Allow us, with the unwilling assistance of Dennis Warner in an article in the Aug. 16, "Province," to put an end to such dismal conclusions for a time at least.

Listen to this - "a depositor who puts his money in a savings bank account will double his capital in three years. Borrowing rates are astronomical. The profits are huge. Most companies expect to write off their capital investment in three years and to pile up large profits in five. They are succeeding."

Even political or military upheavals fail to deter international capital from the loot that can be lifted out of the hands of willing providers in South Korea. To quote Warner again - "The North Korean attempt to assassinate President Park in January and the fears of war aroused by the Pueblo incident 2 days later briefly shook the confidence of foreign investors. But only briefly."

And while we are on the subject of mis-placed and mis-spent social instincts, let us recall the kind people in Victoria who for years past have been contributing some of their very spare and hard-earned cash to help feed the starving war orphans of South Korea via the kind offices of Dr. Lotta Hitschmann, travelling director of the Unitarian Services Committee of Canada. They may be pleased to know that they at least have been helping somebody, if not the starving orphans. The principle of the old farmer who had to feed his horses if he expected to get any work out of them applies equally on the human animal farm. The owners of the factories, mines, mills, etc. have to pay wages to their workers if they expect to get surplus values out of them. And those workers or potential workers who are down so low that they can't produce must be saved by welfare or charity to get them back into good, exploitable condition again.

The odor of sequence goes something like this - The military marauders go in first, under flags of freedom, etc., to take or hold the territory. Then follow the welfare workers to whip the dilapidated survivors into usable shape. Then come the monetary marauders (who have been sponsoring the other two all along) with their machinery and raw materials and the sponging begins. And we discover whose freedom "our boys" were dying for.

The no-nonsense evidence of Warner continues - "To the rest of the world in

its quest for investment, Korea offers nothing but cheap, literate, intelligent and hard-working labor, effective if scarcely popular government, and a warm welcome."

Has the point come through yet? Do you kind Samaritans of Victoria realize that your humanitarian instincts have been subverted to supply foreign money-makers with "cheap, literate, intelligent and hardworking" sources of high profit? Have you ever wondered why "the rich get richer" and by comparison, "the poor get poorer" in spite of your well intentioned efforts to even the scales? Don't you think its time that you combined your humanitarian instincts with political knowledge so that your sacrifices would really help?

The orphans you fed were victims of a previous commercial war over which group of money barons was to have the privilege to live off the hard work of the workers of Korea. Some of the profits produced by your orphans will be used to finance the next violent competition, for the riches of S.E. Asia, which will produce more war orphans for you to save through charity, so that they can grow up to produce more wealth for the wealthy and the cycle goes on. Do you really think you are helping these people?

Warner details us further on the vultures flocking to the kill, "Thumb through the index of leading American manufacturing firms," he says, "most of them are now here."

Like a weasel in a chicken coop, the seventh heaven for the rich is a picture painted like this one by Warner about the workers of Korea - "They are the hardest working, the most adept and the most easily trained in the world. (Quoting a U.S. business man) 'Working through a microscope, a girl at home tires in a couple of hours. These girls can work all day.' And they work all day, moreover, for 65 cents an hour." Those tons of powdered skim milk shipped to Korea are paying off. Proteins for energy!

The same analysis applies to the state proprietors of North Korea. They have their welfare schemes also, for identical monetary ends. And freedom to them differs from the Western concept in only that they think they should have the labor bounty of South Korea instead of their western competitors.

We have no grudge against the owner-parasites who live off society. But we do decry the slowness of the awakening of the victims and the wasted energies they expend in a fruitless effort to make commerce do something against its nature.. Capital cannot prey on society and simultaneously benefit society. The system has been very useful in industrializing the earth - but it is now doing more harm than good. It has long ago outlived its usefulness and daily becomes more anti-people. It is 1868 thinking under 1968 material conditions. Like designing a computer, then carrying it around in a wheelbarrow.

"GIVE THE UNITED WAY" That's what the Community Chest shouts from the rooftops. The majority of people do. And some of them give so much they have nothing left to fall back on, so they have to rely on the Community Chest. We are referring of course to the working public who co-operate in a very united way, involuntarily, to produce the world's goods. They produce them for the owners of the factories-mines-mills and get paid generally enough to keep them in producing shape. There are thousands of exceptions. They get paid so little, and suffer so much, from the rat-race, that they collapse, figuratively and literally speaking, and need doles to get them producing again.

Will The Real Revolutionaries Please Step Forward

S T U D E N T R E V O L T

In a long line of "revolutions", cultural, racial etc. is the student revolt.

Alarmists urge imprisonment and claim the students want merely to destroy society. Admittedly there is an odd anarchist in the crowd, but this type hysteria has no more foundation than did similar cries during the early development of trade unions.

Really, what do the students want? There is by no means unity, but basically they demand more involvement in the university's administration. Some want the abolition of exams on the grounds that exams constrict the student to the ways of the past. Another objective is the abolition of compulsory courses that are not related to the students particular avenue of study. In actual fact most of the students demands merely reflect the changing nature of capitalism and for that reason they will undoubtedly eventually be met. In some universities they already exist.

The students think and proclaim that they are going to bring about a new and democratic society which might help explain so much position from capitalism's illiterate spokesmen. Their hopes are similar to that of unionists about the turn of the century. As Samuel Gompers, the then A.F.L. President, put it "—Social Democracy can be attained through the economic medium"(unions). Well, after over sixty years of unionism we are still as far away from Social Democracy as ever. The reason is that unions by their very nature are forced to work within the capital--wage labor profit relationship. Student reformism faces the same dismal future. However, Socialists should not, I think, be too harsh in their evaluation of student reformers. After we do recognize that while capitalism exists workers must use unions in their day to day survival. Though it is not as severe a similar situation applies to future workers (students). We must however continue to emphasize that the frustrations of university students arise out of the commodity society and not in who administer the university.

PRACTICAL COURSE IN ELEMENTARY MATERIALISM

Remember when the Red Lion was built? Well most of it was done outside of a union agreement. Union arguments and pleadings were of no avail.

(A little time lapse music please.) Now these same workers are quite militant unionists. What happened? Well, during the Red Lion construction these workers were promised bonuses and shares in the building firm. Some even scrimped extra from their wages to buy more shares. No one could get through to them. As far as they were concerned the sun shone out of the bosses ass.

Involved in the deal were a number of somewhat inter-related companies, so complex that a Philadelphia lawyer couldn't untangle them. Later one of the companies went bankrupt. Which one? You win--the one in which the workers had invested. They not only had their pay cheques bounce but those who were imprudent enough to invest extra lost that too. And in a very short time these workers got a new outlook. They are certainly not Socialists--yet, but they are a lot more conscious of their working class position than before.

The message? For those readers who have not yet got with it.--We can intellectually argue our case as much as we like, but until the material conditions make our audience ripe we will go blue in the face before we make Socialists of them. -- Capitalism is Socialism's greatest campaigner.

The question is. Is Capitalism ripening the workers at present for the Socialists to make their move? I think it is.



HO HO HO?

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